







"Hey, baby—that looks pretty good! Can I get some of the action?" As he was talking, he had already released his sturdy prick from his tight, green pants and was pulling it up into an instantaneous erection.

Looking at it appreciatively, Rusty said, "C'mere, buddy, and I'll jerk on you until I come and then maybe this sweet boy will haul your ashes for you. Deal?"

"It's a deal, mate!" He pulled his pants and skivvies down over his thighs and walked up to Rusty. Rusty ran his hand firmly over the heavy, lengthy tool and slipped the foreskin back and forth over the eager, flaring crown. "That's a nice joint, man—get much action?"

"Yeah—we've got two or three nice dick-lickers in the platoon and we're givin' them all they want 'cause they're sure gonna come in handy in Nam. All the outfits are doin' it now. Tell on 'em, hell! Pamper the shit out of them, 'cause in the marines, the only thing that's really nice is to have your own regular piece of tail. Fuck! These guys will screw, blow, lick your ass-hole, anything at all. Man, we treat 'em like they are fuckin' movie stars! When I get out, I might just find my own private, little queen and settle down. Oh, it feels so good!" He reached under Jerry's suctioning mouth and found Rusty's surging balls. "Wow, man! I'll have two just like these over easy! What a pair of eggs!"

He started gently rolling them and squeezing them when Rusty suddenly stiffened and started to grunt, "Ungh—ungh—ungh—here it—COMES! Oh, suck that dick, baby—WAIL!"

Jerry swallowed for dear life and held onto Rusty's tightly clenched buttocks. The marine was furiously fucking into Rusty's fist and Jerry was pumping his own violently throbbing prick which started spewing wave after wave of churning sperm in time with Rusty's convulsive twitchings.

When Rusty released his final spurt, he pulled out of Jerry's mouth and guided the marine's huge pole into Jerry's wet, sperm-sprayed oral cavity. After two or three deep plunges, the marine blasted off against Jerry's tonsils and bent his upper body over Jerry's head. He continued with little, short jabs until his testicles were completely relieved of their aching burden.

"Wow, men—that was just great! Hey—how about our having a daisy chain a little later? I've got a couple of buddies in the other room who go ape over little situations like this. Are you studs game?"

"Well," Rusty said, "I've never had a cock in my mouth before, but there's always a first time. Sounds like you're kinda used to it."

"Believe me, man, there's no rougher outfit in the marines, but all





ST BOOK 45

HOMOSEXUAL SEX TECHNIQUES

photo illustrated*

SEND TO: TIMELY BOOKS 519 Acorn Street Deer Park, N. Y. 11729

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY State Zip

I am enclosing \$..... for Books.....

Checks must clear before shipment. Cash and money orders will be shipped immediately.

- ☐ HOMOSEXUAL SEX TECHNIQUES FIRST BOOK \$5.00
- ☐ HOMOSEXUAL SEX TECHNIQUES SECOND BOOK \$5.00
- ☐ BOTH BOOKS \$10.00

☐ I HAVE ☐ HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY ORDERED FROM TIMELY BOOKS
PLEASE! WE NEED THIS FOR OUR MAILING RECORDS.

the guys decided to buddy up. You know, like I was telling you about the three queens we've got. Incidentally, you wouldn't want to fuck up with those queens, either! We've taught them Judo and Karate and they've turned into real, tough mother-fuckers. I'd as soon go on patrol with one of them than anybody else! Plenty rough and up on all that happy, cock-suckin' horse-shit. Right, man?"

"Maybe someone else needs to use this head, men. Let's put our meat away and plan on using it a little later tonight. I think it might be fun to go down on the beach and strip bare-assed naked for our next go-around huh?"

"Sounds groovy, man. Let me size up my buddies—oh, hell! Come out and meet 'em yourself. None of them is attached so you won't step on any toes. And they're all hung pretty fuckin' great. Well, fuck! To tell the truth, I'm the smallest in that gang and I've got seven and a half inches. Plus—they're all just as randy as I am!"

For an illustration, I have added a happening in a familiar toilet in Laguna. It is a slight contrast, involving some violence, but showing that even the so called safest of places can never be underestimated. Our leading man of the piece is quite knowledgeable and uses the site of the toilet in a gay bar to assuage his own guilty conscience. He is searching for approval and adoration, not money and satisfaction. His reaction may be noted upon his disappearance after he is certain that he has wreaked his (fatal) charm.

Mike stopped by the Club Boheme when he reached Laguna. Going to the bar, he ordered a scotch and water and paid the bartender. He got off his stool and went into the men's room, taking one of the bottles from Doc's medicine chest out of his pocket. Little red devils—he hadn't popped any of these since his hustling days. As he swallowed them, a young, blond, surfing type came in and walked to the urinal. He whipped out a lengthy, fat tool and looked into Mike's eyes, then down to his bulging crotch.

The lad was attractive and Mike dug him, but being in a mood, he grabbed his huge lump in his hand and said, "You like this, huh?" The blond nodded and Mike slowly popped his buttons, one by one. The young man's hand grasped his own throbbing erection, his eyes brilliant as Mike hauled out his monster, inch by inch. "God!" the boy breathed, "what a beauty!" He licked his lips as Mike pulled it up and as it jerked to steely hardness, he skinned his prepuce back, revealing the angry, red, flaring crest. He flipped it up and down, taunting the guy whose lust filled eyes were greedily devouring it; rubbing the head over the lad's face after he fell to his knees facing his crotch. The young blond grasped the giant at its base and thrust his head forward, trying to suck the object of his dilemma into his mouth.

Mike pulled back and as he jacked it slowly, pointing it at the boy's mouth, he said, between clenched teeth, "It'll cost you stud. Twenty-five bucks."

"Okay—where will we go?"

"Right here, baby—I'm in a hurry!"

"Okay, okay—come back over here!"

"The money first, man—not that I don't trust you."

The blond fished for his wallet, then handed a twenty and a five to Mike. Mike stuffed the money in his pocket, pretended to wait for the guy to suck him in, then when he was close enough, gave a vicious Judo chop to where the neck and shoulder joined. The lad fell to the floor unconscious and Mike quickly stuffed his cock into his Levis, then walked back through the bar unhurriedly and drove off in his car.

In this scene, one understands that Mike is or has been a hustler; on this particular occasion, needing assurance to his attractiveness and desirability. After proving his point, he takes out his guilty frustrations on the young, blond fellow by knocking him senseless and pocketing the money. Not ordinarily given to violence, he reacts in this manner as vengeance for having been jilted.

The next case deals with an almost irresistible teen-ager and his first complete sexual encounter in a men's room; a short indication of what really can happen in a head. At times, males react to some unknown, repressed longing which suddenly throws them into the bewilderingly sensual world that is concealed in all of us in varying degrees. The two boys are drawn to each other inexorably, as if they were magnetized. The act is one of compulsion, utterly impossible to negate on the part of the neophyte, decidedly appealing to the other.

"How're you doin', man?"

Chris straightened up from removing his Levis and turned around to face the owner of the booming voice. His eyes were pleasantly surprised by the sight of a six foot plus lad with a mop of stringy, sun-bleached hair and a winning smile, enhanced by even, white teeth and full, sensuous lips.

"Right on," Chris answered, breaking into a full smile himself.

They were in the main men's room in the center of Laguna, the art colony of Southern California. The long room was dimly lit because of the intensive concentration of pre-summer sunshine and remained cool with the constant flow of dripping bodies which kept the floor wet from one end to the other. Chris had come in to change from his Levis into a bathing suit and at this particular moment, stood naked and golden brown from his previous trips to the beach through the warm spring.





"Gonna catch some waves?" queried the newcomer, letting his eyes wander over Chris' spectacular body. His eyes came to rest on Chris' crotch with a slight jolt of amazement. In that pale, white area that had been untouched by the sun, a long, thick, uncircumsized penis hung far below plum-sized testicles; the base buried in a shining, silver triangle of curly hair that inched up in a thin line to a slightly indented navel set into a flat, ridged, washboard stomach.

"I didn't bring a board today. Guess I'll just cop out to a tan and a nap," Chris said. As he spoke, their eyes met and held for a brief moment, then the other boy turned slowly to a urinal and hesitantly pulled his bathing suit half down his muscular thighs. He stood in profile to Chris and aimed his lengthy, flaccid cock at the bowl. As the golden stream hit its target, he turned his head again toward Chris and resumed his evaluation.

A little flustered, Chris picked up his trunks from the bench which ran down the center of the room but he couldn't quite bring himself to put them on. His glance was irrevocably drawn back to the beautiful joint which was now being slowly milked. There wasn't a sound in the room but the tension was so brittle, it almost crackled. The tall lad's deeply set green eyes, surrounded by thick, sooty lashes kept flashing from Chris' eyes to his now lengthening tool, he saw the big, pink helmet slip out of its protective sheath and start to enlarge. The long, thick shaft stretched and expanded to gigantic proportions, making the fist holding it look very small in comparison.

Chris' dick was now standing at erect attention; the meaty fore-skin pulled back over his bright, shiny corona and the heavy column slowly bobbing up and down. The other fellow motioned for him to move over next to him and reached for Chris' cock the second he came within range. Chris immediately grasped the proffered, pulsing satiny, blood engorged crown which was now becoming quite slippery with pearly, pre-seminal fluid. He felt the boy's beautiful ass cheeks clench and saw the steely thighs contract until the muscles stood out in bold relief.

The handsome lad had Chris' prick clenched in one slowly moving fist while the other hand was gently kneading and pinching the classical curves of his alabaster ass. A low moan escaped his lips and he threw back his head to continue groaning through clenched teeth. Chris gave the satiny shaft a squeeze and moved away.

"We're gonna get caught if we're not careful! Can't we move this fantastic happening to a more discreet area?"

The blond opened his eyes and pulled up his trunks for all the good it did. His hard-on was still rearing its scarlet head a full three inches above the waist band of his trunks.

"Oh, man! Why did you stop there? I was just about to pop my nuts all over your hand!"

"Wouldn't you rather find some quiet place and do it right? I'm ready, too, but I like a little more than a mutual jerk-off."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning like at least a sixty-nine, or if you don't go for that, I can at least give you a wild blow job. There's no sense in a hand job when other better things are available."

"Look, man—I'm not queer! I don't go for that fairy shit. Besides, my girl is waiting for me on the beach. I just felt a little horny but I don't usually do anything with guys."

Chris looked at the swollen crest, still as violently erect as before. "Man, you're talking a whole tub full of horse shit! Maybe *you* don't go for it but that randy foot of stiff peter banging against your belly hasn't got the word!"

With that, Chris reached over and yanked the shorts back down, then sank to his knees and suctioned in half of the throbbing cock. With a choked moan, the blond tried to force Chris away for a fraction of a second, then shudderingly surrendered to the passionate onslaught which caused rippling, ecstatic arrows of desire to shoot from his boiling groin to buffet the kaleidoscopic churnings in his brain. He cupped his hands behind Chris' head and strained his middle forward to meet the pistoning suction which was turning him inside out.

"Oh, Christ! Suck that cock! Oh, baby—nothing has *ever* felt this good! Ooooooh—God! Suck, suck! I've got a gallon of sweet juice to pump down that fuckin' throat!!"

Chris grabbed the two marble-like cheeks in his hands and repeatedly pulled him forward, forcing every inch down his throat until the wiry, curly patch tickled his nose with every thrust.

Moaning and shuddering uncontrollably, the boy started panting. "If this is what it's like to get a blow job—ungh! Ungh! Don't ever stop! Oh—man—I'm gettin'—ready—to—SHOOT!! Aaaaaah!"

Hunching over Chris' head, he threw spasmodic thrusts until his violent, spermatic jets eased up. He had such a tremendous load, Chris couldn't swallow all of the bubbling, acid-sweet glue and some of it dribbled from the corners of his mouth to be trapped in the damp, blond curls surrounding the demanding giant.

Chris eased back and the swiftly deflating organ slithered out of his mouth. Still panting, the lad pulled Chris to his feet, then yanked up his trunks and forced his monstrous equipment into the too small pouch. He looked at Chris, standing with an unbelievable rod-on and with a quizzical look on his face. Reaching over, he jacked Chris





back and forth a couple of times, then lightly tapped the proud staff and said, "Look, man, that was the greatest! Does that make me queer for loving it so much? If it does, I'll have to look into it for real. Sorry about you," he said, indicating Chris' still vibrant passion, "but maybe next time—if you care to make it a next time."

After this blinding revelation, the initiate meets his seducer again, later in the afternoon, and is introduced further to the forbidden fruits of homosexual lust and fulfillment. Finally, on his way home, he meets a life-long friend, one of his very favorites, and the ensuing encounter is reported next.

Darryl was both light hearted and guilt ridden as he walked toward home. The memory of Chris' beautiful face and body were imprinted on his brain and the recollection of that wonderful, sweet, hot mouth caused his coiled dick to answer with a throb.

"C'mon, now," he thought to himself, "I can't walk home with a hard-on for everyone to see." Not having a towel to hide it, he stopped in front of a store window and pretended to look at the merchandise while he rearranged the offending lump to lie straight down and between his thighs. "Wow! Did Chris ever get to me! I've never felt this strongly about anyone." He was a bright boy and knew enough about sexual variations to know what was happening to him. He had an underlying feeling that he was heading for trouble but he was ready and willing to pay the price. What about Bonnie? Oh, fuck Bonnie! She was a pain in the ass anyway and never had put out for him. As long as he had tried, the furthest he'd ever gotten was to suck on her boobs and do a little finger-fucking. She'd masturbated him a couple of times but had made him so dissatisfied, he'd had to jack-off all over again after he dropped her off at home. She sure couldn't hold a candle to sweet Chris! The only other times he'd been so gratified were when he and his buddies had run onto Buck Lawrence. Buck wasn't quite all there so the blow-jobs he gave didn't really count, but man! They sure felt good!

He was busily trying to reconstruct today's happening with Chris when a hand landed on his shoulder and turned him around.

"Dal! Where are you goin', old buddy? You look like you just had your joint copped or something. Are you holding something out on me, man?"

Darryl looked flustered and grinned sheepishly at John Saks. "No, man—except I just broke up with Bonnie."

"No shit, buddy, what caused all of that?"

"Aw, she's just too much—or rather, not enough. I got tired of aching nuts and hand jobs!"

"We can always find Buck," John said slyly.

"Hell—he's done us more good than any cunt in town, if you'll just admit it."

"Guess you're right, come to think of it. Of course, it might look kinda funny to take him to a dance or a movie," John kidded.

"Just the same, I'm gonna play the field and look around for a while. What the fuck! I'm just wasting my time and youth on Miss Iron-pants. I want some dick time and all I get are wet dreams!"

"I'll tell you what, Dal—I'll pick you up after dinner and we'll run down to Dana Point and see if we can find Buck. You know the way he creams his jeans every time he looks at you. Besides, I feel like a good suck job myself. I wonder why he digs you so much? I know my jock isn't quite as big as yours but it's no slouch, either. If we don't find Buck, we can always cruise the boardwalk. We might turn up a couple of cute tourists like we used to before you got so hung up."

"I'd like to, John, but I've sort of got plans for tonight." Darryl winked and stabbed the air with his middle finger.

"Oho," John said, "come on and let me in on it. Someone you met at the beach today, huh? Is that the reason for the boner you haven't disguised very well? You can let old John in on the action. You know I won't tell!"

"You lecherous old bastard! I think you'd stick your dick in a goat if you got the chance!"

"You bet I would, pal—you just bet I would! But I wouldn't kiss it. I *do* draw the line somewhere."

"Well—how about letting me stick my dick in *your* mouth, buddy?" Darryl asked maliciously.

John looked as if he had been pole-axed and studied Darryl's face intently. "You know, Dal—if I didn't know you were kidding, I'd almost believe you meant it."

"Of course I meant it, Johnny," Darryl said lightly. "You suck my cock and I'll suck yours. We'll make it a sixty-nine, okay?"

"Jesus Christ," John muttered, "You *do* mean it, don't you? Aw, come on—you're pulling my leg."

"No—I'm pulling your cock." Darryl was beginning to get a charge out of John's perplexity but realized he was kidding for real. "No foolin', buddy, you dig getting your cock sucked; don't you think you might get a kick out of sucking at the same time?"

John couldn't quite believe his ears but he realized that the suggestion wasn't really repugnant to him. "You know, Dal, if you *do* mean it, step into Wendy's with me."

Wendy's was a malt shop a couple of doors away with a men's room that had an outside entrance. Darryl followed John into the





room through a brief passageway and was not quite surprised when John unbuttoned his Levis and pulled his thickening rod out of his pants.

"C'mon, man, haul yours out and get it hard—or do you want me to do that for you, too?"

Darryl could tell from the look on his face that John wasn't kidding one inch. As he reached for John's cock, he said, "You just do that little thing while I beef up this piece of muscle you've got swingin'."

John tugged at Darryl's trunks which slipped easily over his hips and took a firm hold on the springy giant that thrust out from the damp, blond, curly patch.

"Okay, Dal—you suggested it so you do it first," John said, trying to sound blasé but actually trembling with excitement.

After his afternoon's indoctrination, Darryl slid his hot, slippery mouth easily to the base of John's pulsating prick, then pulled off with a suctioning 'pop'. John flinched from the incredible sensation and his knees turned to water.

"Come on, John-John—it's your turn!"

John leaned down and gingerly took Darryl's scarlet head into his mouth. Darryl froze for a moment and then John slowly slid his mouth down the steely shaft until the head touched the back of his throat. He let it remain there for a second, then slowly pulled back until just the head remained. His tongue began dancing and jabbing with little, fiery darts and Darryl leaned back against the wall. John licked and nibbled for a few moments, then stood up and said huskily, "Wow! That's all right! Do me just a little more, will you, Dal?"

Darryl knelt in front of him and taking the base in one hand and John's big nuts in the other, he took the eager, straining column deep within his throat and made several rapid passes up and down. John groaned and smoothed Darryl's hair roughly. "Oh, God, Dal—that even feels better than when Buck does it. Jesus Christ! Where did you ever learn to give head like that?"

Darryl got to his feet and said truthfully, "I've never had a joint in my mouth before today. I swear it, John."

"Well, we both have now—and by God! I *like* it! When can we do it for real, Dal? I'm all ready for this scene. Are you goin' on a date tonight or were you joshin' me? You know you could come over and stay with me tonight. All of a sudden, I like the idea of getting in the same bed with you. If we're gonna turn queer, you're for me, baby. I've always dug you, anyway!"

"Hold on! Hold on, John-John—not so fast! I just promised to suck you—I didn't say I'd marry you."

John looked a little crest-fallen so Darryl bounced his cock in his palm a couple of times. "Don't look so down in the mouth, pardon the expression. We'll do it, buddy, make no mistake about that. I'm just glad that you're all for it. We've probably wasted a lot of good time but we'll make up for it."

John put his drooping rod back in his pants, regretfully, and led the way back to the sidewalk. "I'll call you after dinner even if I don't get to see you tonight," he said. "Don't go passing that warm mouth around; I want to sleep in it as soon as possible."

Darryl laughed and slapped John on the ass. "Just keep your hands off that machine of yours if you can. If I'm gonna suck your dick, I want you to appreciate it, so don't go mauling it around until there's no feeling left in it."

"I'll try to keep it nice and virginal for you," John said with a snort, "but remember, this joy-stick and me, we've been goin' steady for a long time. He's the only thing that's ever been really true to me."

Darryl looked at him fondly and said, "Enough of this highly sophisticated banter, man, I've got to haul ass for home. Talk to you tonight, stud."

John watched Darryl's sleekly muscled body swing down the street for a few moments, then with a pleasurable shiver, he turned towards home.

Strangely enough, first homosexual contacts happen that easily; when the time is right and the two parties appeal enough to each other. The toilet is also more than incidental. It's the one place where men can expose themselves to each other without fear or guilt feelings. In this case, it was immediate and available when the urge came over Darryl to tease his friend into submitting to his subconscious lust which must have been lying barely concealed, just under the surface for a long time; perhaps from the first time he witnessed Buck Lawrence servicing his handsome friend.

The last example takes care of any speculation which might arise concerning men's toilets in foreign lands. Our subject, Chris, is on a protracted trip to Mexico and learns about the public men's john, situated near the main square in front of the cathedral in Taxco. He has heard about the erotic happenings from a knowledgeable friend and decides to find out for himself.

Chris, followed by the apprehensive twins, walked the short distance to the long, low, white building and as the boys took positions outside the door, Chris entered the dim building and walked slowly to the far wall which was obviously the urinal, a sunken trough in the floor. There were fifteen or twenty men and boys in evidence,



ranging in age from approximately thirteen to thirty-five. Most of them were seventeen to their mid-twenties. He took his place along with six or seven males at the urinal and was immediately aware that none of them was urinating—they were all holding or manipulating their erect organs unashamedly and looking from one hard-on to the next, appraising and measuring with their smouldering, lustful eyes.

Chris, of course, caused a flurry of excitement when he entered, but no one approached him; they just stared and devoured him optically, softly moaning as he released his tremendous prick from his fly. He soon was caught up in the electrical tension that charged the room and lost his uneasiness as he avidly joined the crowd in their lustful passion, wondering when sexual release would be fulfilled. Three or four handsome, young studs forced their way into the group around Chris, looking first into his eyes, then at his enormous erection, then down to their own near bursting, throbbing hard-ons.

When Chris made no move to accept the proffered, rampant shafts, activity resumed and mutual groping began again. One young stud with an admirable eight inches or so turned to his neighbor who bent down and sucked the bobbing shaft into his mouth. The man next to him reached around him and unbuttoned the few remaining buttons and pulled his pants down over his beautiful, bare buttocks and after lubricating his thick, fat prick with saliva, forced it into the bending youth with a powerful thrust that sent his inflamed rod coursing into the hilt. Several men moved in to witness the fantastically erotic connection and either masturbated themselves or the one next to them.

Chris' emotions were boiling and the hot blood was pounding through his taut body, his aching nuts ready to release their almost unbearable burden of heavy, thick seed. Two hands slipped around his waist and worked at the buckle of his belt. He looked over his shoulder and a giant, exciting stallion in a Mexican naval uniform pressed his tongue into his ear and eased his enormous cock up and down the crease in his ass. The buckle released and the pants were forced down around his thighs. Holding firmly to Chris' jerking prick, the sailor squatted behind him and ran his hot, syrupy tongue down the crease between the magnificent orbs which Chris quickly spread with his fingers. The tongue-tip stopped on his exposed asshole, darting and titillating the hyper-sensitive puckered flesh, almost causing Chris to swoon.

He felt another set of fingers on his swollen rod and opened his eyes to see a stunning sixteen year old with his pants pushed down to his knees, with eloquent pleading in his misty, brown eyes. The



Timely Gay Bar Guide



BRAND NEW

ABOUT 1500 NAMES and ADDRESSES

ONLY \$5.00.

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE CHARGES TO
ANY STATE OR AMERICAN POSSESSION

Send order to: **TIMELY BOOKS**
519 Acorn Street
Deer Park, N. Y. 11729

Checks must clear before shipment.

Cash and money orders will be shipped immediately.

Name _____

Address _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please send _____ copies of THE NEW TIMELY GAY BAR GUIDE

☐ I HAVE ☐ HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY PURCHASED FROM TIMELY BOOKS.
PLEASE! WE NEED THIS FOR OUR MAILING RECORDS.



boy moved over and bent down sideways to swallow Chris' shaft and Chris realized by moving to this position, the boy had placed himself so that Chris could bend over and take him, too.

When the sailor finished tonguing his ass-hole, it was dripping and ready for the planned attack. Still being stretched from the affair with Count Drago, the sailor easily slipped his lengthy tool into the waiting channel and started fucking Chris with a vengeance. The sixteen year old came almost immediately and Chris found his spurting staff replaced by a much larger weapon which was sunk into his throat without hardly missing a stroke. Chris was now in a different position, having been bent over from the waist by the sailor, now entering the throes of orgasm and being fucked in the mouth by the new giant, holding Chris' head immobile with huge, gentle hands.

Another man was on his knees under Chris and was replacing the youngster's mouth in an insane, demanding suctioning tempo. Two men moved in on each side of Chris, taking his hands and wrapping them around their marble-like shafts, urging him to masturbate them as they ran their palms over the sailor's humping ass and the man's belly and chest that Chris was so wildly fellating.

Everyone reached a screaming climax at the same time. Chris was fainting from the red hot gush up his anal canal, the inundation that threatened to swamp his throat and his own agonized, tortuous spurting down the unknown throat milking him from below. The two men being masturbated were sucked in by waiting, greedy mouths which dove down on them on their obvious final strokes, delivered by a quivering, shuddering, shattered Chris.

Finally, straightening up, Chris took a handkerchief from his pants and mopped up the swimming, dripping sperm, leaking from his abused ass-hole. Disregarding the new, clutching hands and proffered, swelling cocks, Chris pulled up his pants, wiped off his chin and the corners of his mouth. Feeling completely sexually exhausted, he scarcely noticed the bizarre, sensual circus taking place all over the slightly odious room. He did observe several extremely youthful boys, not more than thirteen, carrying on with a passion that belied their years. One had completely removed his pants and though his body was absolutely hairless, a giant adult-sized penis sprang from his groin. He grabbed Chris as he passed and pressed one of Chris' hands to the distended shaft. "Senor—por favor—por favor!"

Chris knelt, grasping the small, hard buttocks and pulled the outrageously sized joint into his mouth. The lad fucked rapidly back and forth into Chris' throat, then grabbed the back of his head and pressed the huge instrument into the spongy tissue and released a



CHECK APPROPRIATE BOXES

- ☐ HOMOSEXUAL SEXUALITY #2 at \$5
☐ HOMOSEXUAL SEXUALITY #1 at \$5
☐ BOTH BOOKS FOR \$10

I AM 21 OR OLDER.



SEND TO: TIMELY BOOKS 519 Acorn Street Deer Park, N. Y. 11729

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY State Zip

I am enclosing \$..... for Books.....

Checks must clear before shipment. Cash and money orders will be shipped immediately
we pay postage

☐ I HAVE ☐ HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY ORDERED FROM TIMELY BOOKS
 PLEASE! WE NEED THIS FOR OUR MAILING RECORDS.



scorching, searing blast that threatened to cauterize Chris' tonsils.

"Gracias, Senor," the tadpole panted, "Usted est muy bonito!"

The other lads clamored around Chris, holding their swollen rods in their fists. "No more!" Chris groaned and pushed his way through the mob to the safety of the outside and the twins.

"Aieee, Chihuahua!" he moaned to the grinning twins.

"El Rubio looked like a starfish for awhile," Mark said to John as they walked back to the zocalo.

"There certainly wasn't room for one more," Chris muttered, "My God! Fucked, sucked, fucked in the mouth and jacking-off two other studs! Unbelievable—but it was delightful," he said in retrospect.

So concludes the second volume of "Head Hunting". I have tried to give instances of almost every type of contact possible and the explanation of the motivation behind them. Man, being the aggressive, sensual animal that he is, will use the men's room as a source of sexual contact with his own gender as long as curiosity and the thrill of a new experience are part of his make-up.

One thing must be remembered; a stiff organ can only be produced by the owner and once this condition is achieved, it's still up to the male to decide what to do with it. Men can only be seduced on their own approval. Of course, I'm not speaking of anal rape; that is naturally possible, but any type of sex that demands an erection on the part of the subject must be done with his assent. Age, seemingly, plays little part in this drama; a youngster of pre-puberty age sometimes being the seducer and fully aware of his actions. As long as an erection is present, it seems to have a mind of its own and takes many curious paths to its ultimate fulfillment; the toilet being the most likely scene of contact among strangers.

THE END





VOLUME 2

\$5.00

A CASE STUDY:
HEADHUNTERS

**A COMPLETE STUDY OF SEXUAL PRACTICES IN
PUBLIC RESTROOMS BY THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL**

THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK INVOLVES AN IN-DEPTH STUDY OF SEXUAL PATTERNS OF THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL. PRIMARY EMPHASIS IS PLACED ON THE MANNER IN WHICH HE MEETS OTHER HOMOSEXUALS IN PUBLIC RESTROOMS OF HOTELS, BUS STATIONS AND OUTDOOR TOILETS. ONLY THOSE PEOPLE GENUINELY INTERESTED IN A SERIOUS STUDY OF THIS SUBJECT SHOULD READ IT. SALE TO MINORS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

OBC

